46, Gordon Square,
Bloomsbury.

Feby 26th. 1903

My Violet.

I had time to ponder your merits on the platform this morning – a gracious companion – for an eclaire as much as for tea. It was the easiest journey: I read my Balzac, & got home in time to call Adrian, & found hot coffee waiting me.

I hear that

the our terms are accepted –
the ~~least~~ base is being
made out. So God be
marked!

NYPL

Adrian's plan for next
Sunday has fallen through:
he ask it he might
come to you? He would
get down later, & he is
willing; & he would take a
walk on Sunday. & he
would enjoy it very much.
But say if you dont put it
Convenient. I cherish
your wisdom, which is the sweetest

& sometimes the bitterest known to me.

Now I must take the brush to my head, & try & devise out like a Lady.

Dont think I purposely withhold your cover coat: I try to remember it.

46, Gordon Square,
Bloomsbury.

March 2nd 1907.

My dear,

I couldn't manage today, as I had caught a cold, & a German lesson to end with. Sophie & I & Shaw tramped the town, & smelt in to corners, & it is a highly satisfactory & I am supposed to have a nose for a town, & I hope we start work next week.

46, Gordon Square.
Bloomsbury

I don't know how to make
plans, but I somehow trust
that Life or Fate or Providence
(as the Quaker would say
wishing to spin out a sentence)
will cast us together some how
some where & some when.
Adrian & I are just off to a
party at the Sheringhams
for which I feel singularly unfit -
but we must take to the
water again.

NYPL

Yrs
VW -

March 16
1907.

46, Gordon Square,
Bloomsbury.

My Violet,

We are going to a Concert on Tuesday, & we wanted her. to come. Shall I come to tea on Monday?

I have a favour - a very great one - to ask: could we possibly spend Sat. to Mon: the 23rd at Manchester St? We would have all meals out & I know it is only a question of wanting where the money is to come. But

16, Gordon Square,
Bloomsbury.

sent herself – as the old ladies say – to Russia.

Nothing in the Times this week, is mine, so don't praise the wrong people.

I wrote to Nelly & sent her my first book. O the vanity of Authors!

NYPL

I had a curious interview with Headlam: he said he was miserable but I didn't many but just alone & moped. What am I to do! Am I such a dull fatherless W. talked for 2 hours.

V

7

46, Gordon Square,
Bloomsbury.

The Perch.

1907

Dear Violet

I feel rather repentant when I think what a very long letter I wrote you – long & vehement & egoistical. & all about that D-D house. Somehow I got in rather a state of mind about it. I think we have settled to take it now. I hope I shant find that you disagree.

But the advantages seem to me to be solid; & the disadvantages

ars. mythical; & Adrian apparently. –
Sophia urges with all the force
at her Command – but it is considerable.
She promises health & happiness,
low books, & no expairs.

We are doing what I seem to
have done very often before –
spending a quiet Sunday here.
The Quaker is like some stony
evergreen; & feel she will
rustle her leaves over all our
graves. She thinks we
both look extremely well – whereas
she had expected – hoped rather –
that after all we had gone through

we might be morbid in some way.
However she is predicting a very
curious death for old Aunt Stephen:
"indeed one can't wish her to live".
She is a little melancholy about
you: you say you are better, but she
hears you don't sleep.

do you sleep? Say so:
if you do. I know few things
more weary & pale & ashen than
a sleepless night.
I have had one moderate bout of
argument - it always begins with
the question of my literary career.
very tentative & significant &
eager for hints though cautious,
& we always end with our
old argument: had father an
imagination or not? She has just

produced some documents from a portfolio to prove her case, & varnishes, to vent. But with all her faults — & who am I to call my family perfect? — she is about as tough an old heathen as they make: we shant develope such views & views not at our late so year. She never alters, but she is thoroughly well reasoned & it for weal or — well, anyhow, I shall talk till 11 to night. Suppose Adrian is driving out. We go back early tomorrow; & I hope to have the question of the house finally knocked on the head. O what a mercy! Then I shall work.

Write sometimes — not if it tires you. How is Ogpu?

Yours
VW

NYPL

46, Gordon Square,
Bloomsbury.

March '07

Dear Violet.

We shall be in to tea on Tuesday, whenever you come. I have taken steps about the table, but it is to be done tomorrow. It has all kinds of complications internally. Shaw says it is an excellent piece of

Work.

But please do take me to
price; because I don't think
it right to take NYPL Each
Self - & ask for them as
Did. And it will last
me till I die; & serve
for all the books I shall
ever write, & uphold my
learning & me eyes. & as
my eyes fail, so my
table raises itself. In fact

there never was such a table. Its
little flaps appeal to me like
human hands & positions: something
so natural & appealing & homely
about them.

You never tell me what
really say I lack.: what
you set my mind at rest
I can't think of Lax facing
to tea with her, even
when tempered with
Miss Dickenson-
Sand Times want me to
write 2 columns on
the Lakes for them!!

I have never been there — but the imagination, as the poet says, has wings.

Your description gives me to the core that you like. I feel deeply — intensely sympathetic. In fact I think she is one of me and we are co heroines.

Yours

At last my doubts about the ✝ in Chestnut are set at rest